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POEMS

LONDON
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P O E M S

CONTAINING

THE CITY OF THE DEAD

BY

JOHN COLLETT

LATE OF WADHAM COLLEGE, OXFORD

SECOND EDITION

Revised and Enlarged

LONDON

LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, AND ROBERTS

1860

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✓



TO THE REVERED MEMORY

OF THE LATE

LORD MACAULAY

THIS VOLUME OF POEMS

WHICH IS INDEBTED FOR ITS PUBLICATION TO HIS KIND PATRONAGE

IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

4

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LYRICAL

B

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.



“ Among the ruined temples there,
Stupendous columns and wild images
Of more than man, where marble demons watch
The Zodiac's brazen mystery, and dead men
Hang their mute thoughts on the mute walls around,
He lingered, pouring on memorials
Of the world's youth through the long burning day,
Gazed on those speechless shapes, nor when the moon
Filled the mysterious halls with floating shade,
Suspended he that task, but ever gazed
And gazed, till meaning on his vacant mind
Flashed like strong inspiration, and he saw
The thrilling secrets of the birth of Time.”

SHELLEY.

Now feebler shine the hosts of starry night,
And wav'ring darkness throbs with fitful light ;
While beams of glory, heralds of the day,
Flash through the Libyan waste with lightning ray ;

Now hung with robes of deep'ning crimson dye,
Glow the pavilion of the Orient sky,
Whose gorgeous curtains, as they spread, unfold
Flames of bright purple, amethyst, and gold ;
Till, rising o'er the Arabian mountain screen,
The sun of Egypt bursts upon the scene ; —
In this still hour, when God's own heavens inspire
The soul with thought, the heart with holy fire,
On Gornou's¹ mount I take my lofty stand,
And watch the day spring on the bright'ning sand ;
Till at my feet the wondrous city lies,
Bathed in the flood-beams of the burning skies.
Yes ! those bare rocks in headlong ruin hurl'd
Were once the Egyptian mistress of the world ;
Those piles, still monstrous in their overthrow,
Were Thebes,² Diospolis, primæval No !

¹ The Hill of Gornou is about 800 yards distant from "the Memnonium," the nearest ruin of Thebes, and three miles and a half from Karnak, the farthest.

² "Thebes was called Diospolis, which answers to Amunei, 'the abode of Amun;' it is also corrupted from the tapé of the ancient Egyptians, meaning the 'head'; Thebes being the capital of the country."—*Sir G. Wilkinson*. "No or No-Ammon [Thebes]."—*Kitto*.

Oh! how the mind, bewilder'd, wanders back
 Along the line of Time's mysterious track!
 Visions of glory fill the dreary plain;
 Shades of the mighty dead awake again.
 Hark! on the gale is borne the busy hum
 Of swarming myriads as they go and come;
 Peopling the waste, and marshalling once more
 The pride¹ of riches, and the pomp² of war.
 The Dromos³ gleams with tints of every shade—
 Emblazoned chieftain, and rich-vested maid!
 Language of every clime is echoed there;
 Merchants from every ocean there repair.
 Lo! thro' the portals of yon gorgeous gate
 Sesostris,⁴ "king of kings," in sumptuous state,

¹ From its great fertility, Egypt was regarded as the "granary of the world."

² Some idea may be formed of the amazing power of the 18th and 19th Diospolitan dynasties by the fact, according to Diodorus Siculus, that a force was actually raised amounting to 20,000 war-chariots, besides other horsemen. Thebes was thirty miles in circumference.

³ The "royal street."

⁴ Sesostris flourished some ages before the Trojan war. He conquered Libya, Æthiopia, Arabia, with all the islands

Wheels his proud car, and leads his conquering host
 To farthest Indus and the Thracian coast ;
 While newborn earth beholds such warrior might¹
 As ne'er shall shine on her declining sight.
 Now on the Nile's broad bosom calmly float
 The gay flotilla, and the laden boat ;
 And pennants, streaming with each brilliant hue,
 Shine down the water's winding avenue !
 Or, in the far perspective dimly² spread,

in the Red Sea. He marched through Asia, and penetrated farther into the East than the conqueror Darius; he also invaded Europe, and subdued the Thracians. In the Memnonium, his triumphs are sculptured under another name—"I am Osymandius, king of kings: if you wish to know how great I am, surpass my works!"

¹ Sesostris, under the several names of Osymandias, Rameses, Sethosis, and Sethon (as we are assured upon the personal evidence of Herodotus and Strabo), erected pillars as trophies of his fame, wherever he bore his conquering arms; and those in Syria, Palestine, Arabia, and Æthiopia, these historians affirmed that they had inspected themselves. The inscription which these proud monuments everywhere bore was to the following effect:—"Sesostris, king of kings, and lord of lords, subdued this country by his arms."

² The lake of Birket Habou, which was dedicated to funeral ceremonies, and is now seen surrounded by sandy mounds.

Loom the slow vessels, burden'd with the dead,
Whom wailing friends are bearing to their rest,
In tomb'd Armenti's mansions of the West.¹
How many a song of joy, or tale of woe,
Those sunny waves have echoed as they flow !
Moses was cradled on that crystal flood ;
And Pharaoh frown'd upon it, turned to blood.
There Hebrew exiles breath'd their plaintive songs ;
There childless² mothers wept their bitter wrongs ;
Again the banks with wilder strains resound —
The troubled waters heave with heavier sound,
'Tis Egypt mourning for her firstborn dead, —
Her pride defeated, and her bondmen fled.
All, — all is past, yet summer's golden beam
Smiles on the waters of th' eternal stream ;
Still rolls the flashing flood untir'd along,
Like the full measures of Homeric song ;
Unmindful, as it ever courses by,
Save of its own immortal³ destiny ;

¹ On the western side of the Nile the cemeteries of the dead were usually placed.

² Exodus, i. 22.

³ "Egypt is the gift of the Nile," says Herodotus.

Or, like secluded, holy anchorite,
 Who spurns the pleasures once his heart's delight, —
 So yonder waves, with calm ¹ resistless sway,
 O'er buried empires wend their verdant way;
 And down the plain of desolation bring
 Abounding ² autumn, and rejoicing spring;
 Albeit the tide of men the shore has fled,
 And left a stagnant city of the dead,—
 Revealing, as it slowly drifted by,
 The curse of Heaven — the doom ³ of Prophecy.

As in some sacred temple, one by one,
 The lights are darkened when the chaunt is done,

- ¹ "It flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands
 Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream."

LEIGH HUNT.

- ² "As when old father Nilus 'gins to swell
 With timely pride above the Ægyptian vale,
 His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,
 And overflow each plain and lovely dale."

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen*, canto i. 21.

³ See Ezekiel, xxix. 15, and xxx. 16; also Jeremiah, xlvi. 24 and 25; also Isaiah, xix. 1—11. Surely indeed has the long-foretold word of destruction been accomplished. Ammon-no has been rent asunder.

And fainter footsteps, lessening from the door,
Leave the vast sanctuary alone once more,—
So in thy echoing halls, more feebly rang
The banquet revel, and the martial clang ;
And Earth's admiring guests, from every shore,
Passed down those gorgeous aisles to come no more ;
Till all thy godlike¹ wisdom, power, and might,
Sank like the waning taper into night²,—
Till on thy pride the pall of ruin fell,
And wrath from Heaven rang out thy funeral knell.

Along the billows of the waving corn
Streams the gay splendour of the golden morn,
Not with the murky sheen and struggling rays
That dim the beauty of our northern days,
But glowing in th' effulgence of a sky
Whose flood of glory whelms the light-drowned eye.

¹ The ancient nations of the world regarded the Egyptians as if they were gods, and not men.

² The wisdom of the Egyptians is now only a byword. They are now remarkable for their imbecility and inferiority.

There, towering far above the amber¹ glade,
Yet mightier still in long colossal shade,
The giant² brothers, guardians of the plain,
For ever hold their monumental reign.
Tho' gash'd with wounds, and grim with many a
 scar,
They still maintain with Time a jealous war ;
Nor can the spoiler's rage, or earthquake's shock
Unseat them from their massive thrones of rock.
Like Fate impersonate, with ceaseless lower
They watch the wreck of human wealth and power ;
While rolling ages³, that before them fleet,
Leave crowns and empires crumbling at their feet.

¹ The soil of Egypt, the Egyptians used to say, for six months in the year is white, and sparkling like a pearl ; for three it is green, like an emerald ; and for three it is yellow, like amber.

² The Arabs call them "Shama" and "Tama" ; and the northernmost of the two they designate "Salamat,"—*i. e.* "the speaking or saluting statue." "They are mutilated indeed ; but their enormous size strikes the mind with admiration."—*Belzoni.*

³ Memnon was built so long ago that he may have been seen by Moses.

Memnon¹ is voiceless² now—his charm is gone :
 Despairing sorrow haunts the mangled stone :
 No more resounding, as in youthful prime,
 He warns th' invader from the blighted clime ;
 No more respondent to the rising sun,³
 Awakens all to morning orison ;

¹ Memnon is a corruption of Miamum, the beloved of Jove, and in hieroglyphic history is called Amunoph the Third. He reigned 1430 B.C.

² We know not whether the fact now mentioned will receive any explanation from the circumstance, that the material of which the statues are composed is a quartz sandstone, highly crystallised, and containing a considerable portion of iron. When struck it gives a metallic ring, the kind of sound which used to be attributed to the Memnon.

3

IMP. DOMITIANO

CÆSARE AUGUSTO GERMANICO,

T. PETRONIUS SECUNDUS, P.R.

AUDIT MEMNONEM HORAI P^a IDUS MART.

This inscription records the testimony of T. Pelionius, in the reign of Domitian, to the vocal sound which issued from the *northernmost* of the two statues at sunrise.

The emperor Hadrian heard it thrice: "*Χαίρων και τρίτον αχονη*," rejoicing at the presence of the emperor, it uttered a sound the third time. According to the sophist Calistratus, the statue at sunset uttered sounds replete with melancholy and sadness, in lament of his departure.

Nor hateful rites obscene, nor impious prayer
Break the long silence that reposes there¹ ;
But vernal flowers a worthier homage bring
Of fragrant incense to the Desert King.

Mark, at the mountain's base, that massive pile
Of ruined chamber, court, and vaulted aisle :
What ! does the camel stable in the walls,
Where once proud Pharaohs paced their lordly halls ?
Where reign'd th' undaunted king, who bared his sword
On heaven's loved people, and on Israel's Lord ;
And deem'd that chariot might, and bold array
Could ride triumphant through the sea-wall'd way !

¹ Ages have now passed since the voice of Memnon, that impenetrable secret, had burst from his stony lips, bearing his idolatrous salutation to the rising sun ; it sends a thrill through the sleeping city, which starts at once into life and motion. From its countless streets a motley crowd pour to the temple, where a train of aged and venerable priests, clothed in white robes, marshal them up the aisles, swelling with the chaunt of a thousand voices.

For centuries his throne of rock was unshaken, and horrid rites, combining every iniquity priestcraft could invent, made it the vilest altar of superstition.

Speaks not his outrag'd palace, loud and clear,
That Israel's sorrows are avengèd here ?

Where lengthen'd shadows on the waters lie,
And softer hues invite the wearied eye,
See calm reflected on the glassy Nile,
The column'd line of Luxor's¹ peerless pile ;
Save when flamingoes, in a roseate cloud,
Cast o'er the mirror's face a passing shroud ;
And now unseen, now glancing in the light,
Flash like the spangles of the stars of night.
But say, what lines are those, so bare and base²,
That mar the picture on the water's face !

¹ Luxor, called by the ancient Egyptians "Southern Tapé." This temple is beautifully situated on the rising ground above the Nile.

² The temple of Luxor must have had a singularly fine effect in its pristine perfection, but perhaps it is now the least interesting of all the buildings in Thebes, being so disguised by the mud huts and other miserable buildings of the modern village, which are clustered around the base of the columns, or piled upon the tops of the colonnades, that it is impossible to take up any position that will give an effective view.

Polluted hovels kennel in the fane
 Where Isis and Osiris¹ held their reign.
 Well may the stream, indignant, turn aside,
 To seek a worthier channel for his tide !
 Thence the weird sphinxes' ² spectre-guarded road
 Conducts to Karnak's sumptuous abode ;
 And with prolong'd, colossal avenue,
 Appals the sense, and blinds the baffled view !
 Till, as the wand'rer threads its mystic lines,
 The royal palace in the distance shines !

The poet sings of proud palatial Rome ;
 The painter bears her pencill'd beauties home ;

¹ Osiris, husband of Isis, reigned first. These two were the benefactors of the human race.

² The eye gazes in wonder down the line, though it is sadly mutilated and disarranged, but the marvel is, that these weird sentinels still retain, in their solemn and majestic features, the indelible impress of their mystic character, and even where the face is gashed or broken, it still retains the same awful depth of thoughtfulness, sorrow, or calm repose. The σφιγξ (σφιγγω) to gash or pierce, must have had the body and claws of a lion.

The sphinxes placed at the entrance of all the temples, implied that mysteries were there enclosed ; the knowledge was revealed to very few.

The pilgrim deems that rock-hewn ¹ Emsambol
 Is all his tongue can tell, his praise extol ;
 So rural songs rich harmony appear,
 Till the full anthem swells upon the ear ;
 So childhood marvels at each river wide,
 Till bursts in view the ocean's boundless tide.
 For what can vie with thee, thou Ruin ²-queen,
 Vast in thy form, and matchless in thy mien ? ³

¹ The temples of Emsambol, or Ipsamboul, or Kasambal, in Nubia, formerly buried in the drifting sands, are considered one of the most splendid remains of ancient art in Egypt.

² Here Cambyses stayed his chariot-wheels to gaze in wonder at the triumphs of architecture. Here Sesostris was welcomed back, with the loud acclaim of millions, from his conquests. The sublimity of this hall (the Great Hall of Rameses II.) stayed the destroying hand of the Ptolemies. The Cæsars were awed into humility as they trod these aisles.

"The ruins of Karnak," says Kenou, "impressed with such gigantic phantoms the whole French army, that they stopped *en masse*, and clapped their hands in an ecstasy of delight.

It is related of Cambyses, that when intoxicated with conquest, he had caused the royal city of Thebes to be devastated by fire, that when he was watching the destructive progress of the flames, struck by the grandeur and beauty of the obelisks, as

Each stately tower, though wreck'd and riven now,
Speaks of the majesty that graced thy brow :
Thy mountain masses rise so bold and grand,
As though uprear'd by more than mortal hand ;
Or hurl'd in wild confusion all around,
An avalanche of ruins whelms the ground ;
That fain the troubled fancy there would trace
The giant work of fabled ¹ Titan race ;
Who, scorning chisell'd stone with rude disdain,
Rifled stupendous rocks to build their fane.

they calmly towered over the destroying element, he gave immediate orders that they should be spared, and the flames were accordingly subdued; but not until many of these beautiful structures had been irreparably disfigured or destroyed. Almost every traveller that visits the ruins of Karnak declares, that the first view absolutely stupifies them with amazement; and that until accustomed to the sight, their senses are completely bewildered.

¹ "Aucun peuple ancien ni moderne, n'a conçu l'art de l'architecture sur une échelle aussi sublime, aussi large, aussi grandiose que le firent les vieux Egyptiens; ils concevoient en hommes de cent pieds de haut."—*Champollion*.

"On est fatigué d'écrire, on est fatigué de lire, on est épou-
vanté de la pensée d'une telle conception."—*Denon*, tome ii.
p. 226.

Stay not my muse on Contemplation's height ;
From Gornou's summit droop in downward flight ;
Till near, the waste with bristling sculpture grows ;
Or, like a tide that rises as it flows,
Engulphs within its slow, relentless flood,
The wrecks of time along its billows strew'd,
Now monster temples sink into its grasp —
Now obelisks elude its tight'ning clasp ;
Mysterious sphinxes, gazing from their grave,
Confess the helpless creed that could not save ;
Colossal heroes, monarchs of their land,
Contend in vain with the devouring sand.
Now mightier, gloomier, as we wander on,
Grows the stern grandeur of the Propylon ;
Whose gaping portals opening deep and wide,
Span the broad roadway with colossal stride ;
And down the pillar'd aisles its shade appears,
Dark'ning the vista of three thousand years.¹

¹ The blind belief in the divine origin of their monarchs, as also the inspiring dogma, that the soul was to return to its ancient tenement in the flesh, encouraged them to erect monuments which might resist the pressure of several thousand years,

Lo! towers aloft mid Karnak's ¹ kingly pile ²,
 The world of ruin of the Hypostyle.
 What though no arch, the graceful ³ gift of Rome,
 Circles the sanctu'ry with vaulted dome;
 Those roofless columns, mingling with the sky,
 Seem to support the heaven's blue canopy;

and carry the fame of their authors to the very threshold of eternity.

¹ The temple of Karnak is the most magnificent of all the Theban ruins. The immensity of the Hippostyle Hall may be conceived from the fact, that five such churches as St. Martin-in-the-Fields, one of the largest in London, can be placed in that one hall.

The original buildings of Karnak are of a date utterly beyond the reach of historic vision.

Warburton says, "We rested for a long time on a fallen column, under a beautiful archway, that commands a wide view of the Temple, and then slowly and lingeringly withdrew. The world contains nothing like it."

² "L'imagination, qui en Europe s'élançe bien au-dessus de nos portiques, s'arrête et tombe impuissante aux pieds des cent * quarante colonnes de la salle hypostyle de Karnak."—*Champollion*.

³ With whatever people the arch may have originated, it is certain that the Romans were the first to bring it into general use.

* The actual number is 134.

Nor involuted crest, nor tap'ring shaft,
Display the finish of the Grecian's craft :
But, lotus-crowned, and ranged in mighty rows,
They swell with strong endurance, calm repose.

As soar the pine-trees from their plains of snow,
And lone and lordly scan the world below ;
So those tall columns, towering in the breeze,
Are Egypt's forest, and the desert's trees.
How sad and silently they faithful keep
Watch o'er the ruins where their comrades sleep ;
Like veteran warriors mourning o'er the bier
That bears the friend of many a glorious year.
Graced with majestic mien, their sunset light
Is lovelier than their noontide, though less bright ;
Clad in the robe of years, the garb of Time,
Their age is grander than their youthful prime.
Like the unearthly beauty, not yet fled,
That lights the hallowed features of the dead.

Mark ye those graven walls, that storied lore,
Where live rehearsed the glorious deeds of yore ;
There warriors struggle, wreath'd in deadly fight —
Immortal witnesses of Theban might.

Triumphant Rhamses¹, match'd with countless foe,
 Deals with his single arm their overthrow :
 Or richly mounted on triumphal car,
 Leads home the crouching prisoners of war, —
 A votive gift to Maut and Amunra. }
 Borne on the leaves of broad papyrus flower,
 The lofty ceiling of a pillar'd bower²

¹ The Egyptians are represented as being everywhere victorious; the personal prowess of the monarch, who is always drawn on an enormous scale, is conspicuously delineated.

² Also called the palace and tomb of Osymandyas.

“I met a traveller from an antique land,
 Who said : Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
 Half-sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed ;
 And on the pedestal these words appear :
 ‘My name is Osymandyas, king of kings,
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair !’
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.”

SHELLEY.

Invites the wanderer to its forest shade,
And cool repose, 'mid endless colonnade ;
Where fields of verdure¹, bloom of brilliant sheen,
Clothe the wide walls with their enamelled green ;
Where Heaven's own blue, and golden stars of night
Shine from a firmament of softened light.

But, hark ! what dirge from stirless gloom awakes,
And through the solemn stillness sadly breaks !
As mournfully as steals a taper's light
Along the foldings of the curtained Night, —
As softly as a ripple mars the rest
That reigns profoundly on the Ocean's breast ; —
It is the holy dervish kneeling there,
Who breathes to Allah's throne the Moslem prayer.
'Tis gone, and silence reigns once more alone —
The only potentate the palace deigns to own.

When breathing soft, the voice of Evening sighs,
And light-winged breezes chaunt their symphonies ;

¹ The architecture of the Memnonium is imitated from the vegetable life of the country.

While darkening clouds with funeral pall invest
 Th' expiring sunset in the gloomy West ;
 And now the dome of heaven is hung again
 With lamps, like armies glitt'ring on a plain ;
 Till, reigning all alone, the goddess queen
 Illumes with lovely grace the wondrous scene ;
 Go where her beams their flood of glory shed
 Down Babel-Molook's valley of the dead ¹ :
 There, never song of birds, nor footstep-sound,
 Breaks the dread slumber of the fated ground ;
 Nor vernal bud, nor summer bloom is seen,
 Nor e'en a wither'd blade of ghastly green ;
 But blighted rocks look down with spectre glare,
 As though some cavern'd fire ² had wasted there.

¹ It has been aptly styled "the valley of the shadow of death." The royal sepulchres are chiefly in a valley, which bears the Arabic name of Bab, or Biban-el-Melook—"Gate of kings." "Bab, in Coptic, signifies spelunca."

² These rocks are illumined with a reddish glare, as if they were lighted up from beneath by the glow of a concealed furnace: the whole valley of Babel-Molook is a most dreary, dismal spot; there is not a drop of water or blade of grass to be discovered there.

Here, darkly opening in the rugged steep,
 The channell'd portals, yawning wide and deep,
 Lead to the silent peace, th' eternal gloom,
 That haunt the hallowed mansions¹ of the tomb.
 Oh, how the mind starts, awed with strange amaze,
 When, yielding to the torches' flickering blaze,
 Those dreary caves awaken now once more
 To gay saloon, or pillar'd corridor!²

¹ Of the forty-six regal tombs excavated in this lonely ravine, nineteen only have hitherto been discovered, so that twenty-seven remain with their paintings probably as fresh as they were four thousand years ago, with their coffins unripled, their statues unbroken, and all the paraphernalia of death, just as the Egyptians left it.

The trouble that the Egyptians took to preserve their bodies, causes their destruction, and the race of Nilus barter for their kings.

² Then came they forth, from that which now might seem
 A gorgeous grave; through portals sculptured deep,
 With imagery beautiful as dreams,
 They went, and left the shades which tend on sleep,
 Over its unregarded dead to keep
 Their silent watch.
 Then there came temples, such as mortal hand
 Has never built; nor ecstasy, nor dream,
 Reared in the cities of enchanted land."

SHELLEY.

In these huge chambers of the mountain's breast
 The Theban monarchs kept their honour'd rest.
 Alas! th' embalmment¹ of their mortal dust,
 Which bade defiance to "the moth and rust,"
 But lent fresh ardour to the spoiler's lust. }
 Yet while their annals in the depths of age
 Hover, like phantoms, o'er th' historic page,
 Here, on the storied stone they ceaseless reign,
 And run their time-forgotten race again :
 Scenes of convivial mirth, or hateful strife,
 Clothe the mute walls with an immortal life :
 Funereal mourners wail along the hall :
 The bridal party keep high festival :
 And speechless records tell, through endless gloom,
 Man's story from the cradle to the tomb.
 Enamell'd flowrets blossom on the stone,
 In colours bright and fresh² as Nature's own ;

¹ The Egyptians spent forty days in embalming the bodies of the deceased.—See *Genesis*, l. 3.

² In the Hall of Beauty, a celebrated tomb discovered by Belzoni, the paintings are so vivid in their colouring, and so fresh in their hues, that they seem to have been executed yesterday, instead of 2000 years ago.

And from the azure ceiling's rocky height,
The star-lit¹ heaven shines down with brilliant
light.

Now shapes unearthly through the darkness gleam,
Like wild creations of a troubled dream.

Pause! for the sacred scenes depicted there

To holier creeds a strange resemblance bear :

With mystic lines the fearful halls dilate,

And abstruse symbols of a future state :

Osiris, seated on his judgment throne,

Weighs human faults and virtues, one by one ;

While beauteous Isis blends with peerless mien

The tender woman and the Goddess Queen :

She² from whose love man's earthly blessings flow,

Still pleads his cause in that dread world below :

¹ We have examples of astronomical monuments in the sepulchral chambers of Sethos and Rameses at Thebes. By their science the Egyptian astrologers could foretell years of scarcity and plenty, pestilence and earthquakes, inundations and appearances of comets, and do many things surpassing the sagacity of the vulgar.

² "This very remarkable analogy to the office sustained by our Saviour may induce some to think that the Egyptians,

Her suppliant form, her fervent prayers prevail,
To save her sons, and turn th' impending scale.

Now, as you climb the weary heights awhile,
Or track the lab'rinth of each lone defile,
The mountain gapes with pitfalls¹ deep and dread,
The empty chambers of the plunder'd dead.
Lo ! down the refuse vale of Assasief²
Whiten the bones of many a Theban chief:
He little thought his sumptuous mountain grave
Would form the jackal's lair, the fox's cave ;
Or that his outraged and dismantled corse
Would pave the pathway for the stranger's horse.³

being aware of the promises of His coming, had anticipated the event, and introduced that mystery into their religious system."
—*Sir G. Wilkinson.*

¹ The pits and tombs of Gournou. "Gornou is a tract of rocks about two miles in length, at the foot of the Libyan mountains, on the west of Thebes, and was the burial-place of the great city of One Hundred Gates."—*Belzoni.*

² The tombs of the Assasief were the private sepulchres of the rich Theban chiefs.

³ This actually happened. "My horse put its foot on the breast of a mummy king, not recognising its humanity; and

Tombs of the Queens, what loveliness untold
Were laid to rest in your lone courts of old !
No casket stored with treasured jewels rare
Can boast the riches that lay hidden there :
Now worthless scions of a noble race
Market the produce of your burial-place.
Let he whom high ambition may constrain
Earth's proudest, richest honours to obtain,
Who dreams that kingly burial may await
His honoured ashes 'mid th' immortal great
Draw near, and on the half-clad Arab gaze,
Crouching beside the flickering charnel blaze,
Feeding the fire that lights the midnight gloom
With loathsome fuel from the rifled tomb.

Farewell, polluted shrines, abandon'd halls,
Where Desolation dwells in vacant walls ! —

the rest of the party trod the once revered corpse into fragments."—*Warburton*.

"Is thy pride brought down to the grave, and the sound of thy vials? Is the earth spread over thee, and doth the earth-worm cover thee?"—*Isaiah*, xiv. 11.

"Is this the man that made the earth tremble, that did shake kingdoms?"—*Isaiah*, xiv. 16.

Farewell, majestic piles, where tow'ring pride
Still lives alone, and mocks at all beside !
Grave of departed glory, buried worth, —
Sepulchral record of primeval Earth —
Thy sun is set, — its lustre, westward gone,
Shines on the shores of Heav'n-blest Albion.
Hers be thy might, without its tyrant sway ;
Power without pride, and strength without decay ;
Freedom unsullied by base slavery's stain ;
The monarch's crown without the captive's chain :
Enshrined in Virtue, let her heroes reign, —
Colossal Right their deathless name sustain ;
And when their patriot spirits rest in peace,
Embalm'd in grateful hearts, their mem'ry ne'er shall
cease.

SUNRISE

FROM THE TOP OF SNOWDON.



I.

I STAND on Snowdon's rocky height
While looming in uncertain light,
The clouds in conflict blend ;
As past me swift the black mist drives,
The sun uprising vainly strives
The heavy mass to rend.

II.

Still pressing thro' th' ethereal plain
The clouds their onward march maintain,
Against the god of day :

Till flashing sunbeams, piercing deep
Through the black mist-battalion sweep,
Cleaving their brilliant way.

III.

Fiercer again their radiance streams,
Till brighter, and still brighter beams
Rive the dark hosts in twain,
When suddenly lights change their hue, —
Gigantic gaps display to view
The mountain's wide domain.

IV.

Now, wavering in contested fight,
Then, borne away in headlong flight,
The mists are backward roll'd ;
Hills, valleys, lakes, around display'd,
Mountains and seas at once are laved
In floods of molten gold.

A SUMMER'S EVENING IN ITALY.



GRANDLY and slowly the sun is descending,
And the clouds are all robed in one heavenly dye ;
The gold and vermilion so softly are blending,
That the fabled Elysium seems pictured on high.

The crystalline dew-drops are kissing the flowers —
The jewels that Nature has bound on her brow ;
And the fire-flies are lighting the orange-tree bowers,
While meteor-like insects glide through each dark
bough.

Deeply blushes the face of the emerald ocean ;
The storms are asleep in their caverns below ;
And the green waves that ripple with gentlest emotion
Flash bright in the sun's dying beams as they flow.

A rainbow of glory sits high on the fountains,
And steeps the white spray in its rosiest dye ;
And the sunbeams that steal up the sides of the moun-
tains
Are hasting to join their bright mates in the sky.

Hark ! 'tis Nature's sweet voice, in her evening song
flowing
From each wind-stirred leaf of the whispering grove ;
And a messenger cloud on the hill-top is glowing,
Like a herald of peace sent to man from above.

A U T U M N .



THE sombre vapour floats
The flood and fell around ;
The Redbreast's cold clear notes
The march of winter sound :
Wreck'd by the storm on high
Low lies the Forest King ;
While waters murmuring by,
Their solemn dirges sing.

The gorgeous poplar spreads
Bright hues of gold and green ;
The roses bow their heads,
Weeping the mournful scene :

D

Day yields her crown to Night,
Who now the sceptre wields ;
And hoar-frost, glancing bright,
Foretells deep snow-clad fields.

The withered trees around,
Blanched in their leafless woe,
The hoar-frost mist has bound
Its winding sheet of snow ;
Yon oak tree's stately form
Is bowed as if in prayer,
Praying the coming storm
Its aged limbs to spare.

The gloomy night-clouds weave
A long and heavy pall ;
The moon mounts guard at eve
O'er Nature's funeral :
While in the heavenly height,
Bright stars amid the gloom
Their watch-fires light by night,
O'er' summer's silent tomb.

THE CONDEMNED CELL.



O YE who fondly deem, in youth's bright prime,
 That ye can handle vice, and play with crime; —
 Play with a two-edged scimitar to-day, —
 Unscathed, to-morrow cast that blade away,
 Before ye lean upon such hope, take heed;
 T'will pierce ye through — that venom-pointed reed!
 And learn that crime, and future vengeance stored,
 Are but two endings of the self-same cord —
 That Vengeance, seeming lame, and slow in flight,
 Yet ever keeps the guilty man in sight;
 For like his shadow, swift as he, and fleet,
 Will Retribution dog his flying feet:
 Though deem'd far distant, yet still ever nigh
 Her apparition meets his troubled eye,
 Long ere his sun of life has sunk beneath the sky! }

In London's heart, as in some living tomb,
Go where the convict waits his coming doom,
Who, burden'd with remorse, with shackles bent,
Broods in his lonely cell o'er hours misspent.
With ashy lips, with scarcely bated breath,
He waits the bell that summons him to death.
Above his throbbing heart's wild madden'd beat
He hears the tramp of myriad gathering feet,
The ponderous ringing of the workman's steel,
The heavy footfall of the sentry's heel ;
While bounding pulses uncontrolled repeat
Their hurried answer to that measured beat.
His brow he presses, where the fierce thoughts throng,
Swelling the veins the life-blood sweeps along ;
And thinks how soon shall fail that vital force,
And leave him then a vile dishonoured corse.
No burial rites for him, no friendly care !
And whither shall the spirit wander, where, oh where ?
Cold breaks the dawn ; the chilly morning air
Bears on its wings the accents of despair.
Hark ! for it peals at last — that sullen bell ;
And living, he must hear his dying knell.

And now the comrade slain in bygone days,
Comes to appal the murderer's haunted gaze :
As imaged clear to Fancy's piercing eye,
Those fix'd wan phantom features terrify
With calm, reproachful look, more dread and fell
Than all the crowd's loud execrating yell.
The signal sounds ; he totters to his doom ;
While spectral shapes beyond the gibbet loom.
Yet blest Repentance sheds no parting ray ;—
His death the sunset of a sunless day :—
And the dark awful shade of coming woes
A gloomier blackness on the scaffold throws.
His last wild words a curse ; and Mercy's door,
Now swinging on its hinge, is closed for evermore.

THOUGHTS ON THE GENIUS OF BYRON.



THOU strange and wondrous man! who e'er has climb'd,
Like thee, to such vast intellectual heights,
Yet sunk so deep in sloughs of moral mire?
Thou castedst forth thy plummet o'er the surge
Of human passions' sea, and gauged its lowest depths.

Not like the genial influence of a star,
Bright and benignant, was thy wild career;
But as a comet,—gorgeous in one eve,
Then borne away to realms of outer night.
How strange the medley in that lofty mind!
What kindness oft was there, and what malignant rage!
What generosity, what selfish pride,
What admiration deep for Nature's charms,
What blasphemy to Him who made them all!

Beneath the tender sigh—the loving smile—
Curl'd the dark snake of hatred's bitterest sneer ;
And 'neath the lover-poet's flowing robes
There lurk'd an arm as strong, as sharp a blade
Of wit as ever flash'd ; and ill he fared
Who dared to draw his weapon on that breast,—
Well if he 'scaped with life those fearful strokes
That laid full many a helmet in the dust.

In conscious power exulting, thou didst dare
To launch thy new and untried bark upon
Ambition's dangerous flood, and didst attack
The strongholds of high Fame's imperial crags.
O vainly did the many forts outpour
Shower after shower of fierce invective fire
Upon that bark of iron : in briefest time
Each fortress fell o'erwhelmed beneath the mass.
As from the metal of some giant boom,
With loud-tongued menace and defiant roar,
Thy mighty shells of Satire soared aloft,
Then fell with crushing and resistless weight,
Crashing upon those long-built fastnesses,

As fell the iron storm upon the towers
Of proud Sebastopol's imperial heights.

How clear and how majestic was the march
Of thy rich, massive song ; how pleasantly
Thy words flow'd on the grateful ear, unlike
The obscure nothingness of modern verse—
The murky mistiness of rhymesters now.
Would that once more we could recall that light,
Without the gloomy shadows that it cast !

The traveller who turns him from the sun
Beholds his image cast on objects near,
Steeping each coming form in heavy shade,
And darkening with its gloom the path he takes :
So thou, who turn'dst thy back upon the light
Of thy Creator's friendly love, beheldst
Thy blacken'd shape projected far and deep
On everything thou camest to ; for thou
Didst never deign to walk towards the sun.
With steps averted from thy God, thy life
Grew dark and darker, as the evening shades
Waxed longer ; till the sun thou didst so hate
Sank down, and left thee to thyself and night.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF EDGAR POE.

THOSE strange and melancholy eyes are closed
In death's sleep now, the dark orb's curtained lid
Is fallen o'er the brain's bright busy stage,
No more to rise again with coming day :
The stirring drama of that wayward mind,
With all its brilliant scenes, is acted out.

Genius without a loving heart was thine,
Light without heat, a chilling lunar fire
That with its wizard rays delights the eye,
But desolate itself and giving warmth to none.
The ray that formed thy various-tinted life
Was broken, as it fell, in prised hues,
And shone and gave delight to all that gazed.

But not by such bright iris-painted rays,
However beautiful, do others see
To do the work that God has given to each.

The demon of the goblet was thy god,
Before whose altar thou wert wont to bow
In slavish adoration night and morn,
To the insatiate fiend who craved for all,
And gave more woe, the greater worship paid.
Beneath that soul-polluting altar shrine
Thou offeredst up the riches of thy mind,
The sacred blessedness of wedded life,
The weal and happiness of either world,
As if to teach that genius without God,
Is but a bark with all her powers complete,
At whose loose helm no guardian pilot stands ;
And waiting for the storm to meet her doom.

LIKES AND DISLIKES.



'Tis passing strange, and by no common law
 To be interpreted, that some we love,
 And some, if Heaven did not a bridle strong
 Upon our feelings place, should even hate.
 Not always those who love us do we love,
 Nor does the heart reciprocate again
 Alway the scorn and hatred that it meets.
 We cannot add our fellows' virtues up,
 And from that total sum essay to love ;
 Nor do our dear companions' many faults
 Subtract one figure from the love we give.
 Of some we needs must take the photograph,
 With all their faults in blacken'd prominence ;
 Of some, how does the pencil overlook,
 Almost unconsciously, defects that seem
 To us but shades to throw their virtues forth.

'Tis not where hand meets hand, nor face meets face,
Amid the crowded throng of loveless men,
The spirit finds its fellow ; but by chance
We stumble on it in some nook obscure :
For as in mountain glens we shout and shout,
Expectant for the echo, but in vain ;
At last, from distant and unreck'd-of crag,
The wish'd-for joyful answer is return'd ;
E'en so the melody of love bursts forth
And fills with tune the waiting human heart —
Sustained undying to another world.

THE WIFE.



TRUE Woman, from thy beaming eye
Of deep, unfathom'd constancy —
 A beauteous little lake —
There seems a tide of love to flow,
That gives man strength to undergo
 E'en death for thy dear sake !

Unfrozen by the chill of art,
That checks the summer of the heart,
 Changing the very self,
Like ivy round the ruin'd tower,
She clings in sorrow's darkest hour,
 In poverty or wealth.

See where the soul so brightly calm
Shines through the face with every charm
 Expression can invest :
With peerless form and mental grace —
Like jewel in a golden case —
Man may in her delight to trace
 All that can make him blest.

Now that Love's bloom has burst in flower,
It forms an overspreading bower
 Beneath whose grateful shade
Man may enjoy a life-long day ;
Where evergreens ne'er fall away ;
 And blossoms never fade.

Soft as th' Æolian harp, her mind
Feels the least whisper of the wind,
 However faint it blow ;
The first to hear joy's breezy air,
Or catch the mutterings of despair,
She turns to music all our care,
 To happiness our woe.

As points the needle to the pole,
With faithful hand, though tempests roll,
 And shake its fragile form ;
So when her fond affections rest
On man, that slender frame will breast
 Life's fiercest, bitterest storm !

Mark ye, where spans the beauteous bow,
Serenely with its iris glow,
 The clouds replete with rain ;
So the true wife, with calm bright eye,
Hangs o'er man's earthly destiny,
 And cheers the hours of pain.

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.



OH! sacred bond, in whose sweet hold
Two kindred spirits meet and blend ;
There's nought more beauteous to behold
Than one who is a faithful friend —

Whose love for fellow-child of earth,
Refined by woe and suffering dire,
Is proved of richer, higher worth ;
As gold when purified by fire.

Oh! such art thou, and such have proved
Thy name and lineage to be.
Believe me, that thou art beloved
As true and fervently by me.

Oh ! sacred bond, thy chains of gold
Old Time in vain shall strive to rend ;
Like ivy-boughs they but enfold
With closer grasp each friend to friend.

TO A MERCHANT.



OH citizen of yon great Babylon
And counted shrewd and keen, who knowest well
What things are worth, and what securities
Give the best income to entrusted gold :
Invest not then thy soul's rich capital
In this life's tempting funds, that shewy stock
Of Pleasure, Wealth, Ambition, will not pay
The dividend they seem to promise now.
Thou soon wilt find they are a worthless fund
Whose shares repay but little e'en in youth, —
In middle life the bargain harder still,
And all these bonds waste paper in old age.
Thou'rt not unwise, and surely wilt not make
So poor provision for thy failing years.

THE HELSMAN¹ OF LAKE ERIE.



THE burning ship flies o'er the lake !
 The crew the flaming helm forsake,
 And crowd the prow along !
 As brighter grows the wasting fire,
 The last faint rays of hope expire
 Amid that ghastly throng !

Yet there is one who fearless stands,
 Grasping the tiller in his hands,

¹ John Maynard, the helmsman of Lake Erie, was, during many years, well known for his intrepidity in his calling and sincere manly piety; which qualities, when put to the test, shone out conspicuously in the act of unselfish and Christlike devotion which the above brief sketch attempts to portray. All the crew of the *Jersey* (the name of the steamer) were saved, except him to whom they owed their safety.

As flames the sternports rake ;
While other tongues but rave or swear,
His calm lips move in silent prayer —
The helmsman of the lake !

The flames advance — each shrivell'd sail
Refuses now to hold the gale
The blacken'd masts upon :
With bursting eye and throbbing brain,
In spite of Torture's fiercest pain,
Still holds the helmsman on.

The flames advance with threat'ning stride ! —
He keeps his post the helm beside,
And nears the coming strand :
The flames with fiery fingers spread
A martyr's wreath around his head !
His strong hand shrivels in their breath !
But ere the hero sinks in death,
They gain the long'd-for land.

Let this, then, teach thy selfish heart
To choose, when call'd, the martyr's part ;
 With fearless soul to brave,
For others' weal, the direst woe ;
Like Him that others saved, although
 Himself He would not save.

THE SECOND CHILDHOOD.



As oft in many trees the autumn leaves
 Assume a kindred hue of gold and green,
 With which their boughs were clad in early spring;
 So that the traveller, gazing from afar,
 Would pause to say which season he beheld¹:
 A nearer view reveals the crimson tints
 Are not the hues of verdure, but, alas!
 The sure forerunners of an early tomb.
 That vernal look is but the flickering glare —
 Not of a coming, but a fading strength,—
 The fitful flash the dying taper sheds
 Before it sinks in everlasting gloom :

¹ This is very much the case in the southern woodland districts of Devon, where the foliage presents an unusual variety of tint in both the vernal and autumnal changes.

So in old age the hues of youth appear
Once more ; the simpleness and feebleness,
Without the freshness, of a May-day bloom—
Man's second childhood—sorrowful old age.

BEDDGELEERT.¹



'Tis many a year since that brave deed was done,
 Yet still its music lingers o'er this dell;
 While in a simple field a rugged stone
 Points out the spot where faithful Gelert fell!

Though years roll on, and bury in their fall
 Great deeds that promised well to rise to fame;
 Yet Gelert's humble story lives o'er all,
 In that sequestered dale that bears his name.

Learn, selfish man, who walk'st in Reason's pride,
 A lesson from this brave dumb creature's deed —
 To do thy duty let what fate betide;
 And in the righteous cause to nobly bleed!

¹ This lovely village in North Wales takes its name from the well-known touching tale of Llewellyn and his dog Gelert.

To stand at Danger's dreaded post, altho'
Thy constancy may doom thee to the grave ;
Rescue the drowning, though his dying throe
Shall draw thee down to death — the friend that
came to save.

THE MARINER'S TOMB.



HE lay by the sea he had loved in life,
And the waves moaned sadly around him ;
And the winter surf in its foamy strife,
With its mantle of glory had crowned him.

On the wild and dreary island he died
With none to speak but the billow ;
And the sweeping winds and the murmuring tide
Caught the sigh from his last rocky pillow.

But O in some homestead far from his grave
The lone ones are wailing and weeping —
But the deep pedal note of the caverned wave
Its solemn Dead March is still keeping.

Some Peer perchance in his princely home
The scion of his house is deploring—
Or the sailor's wife looks out o'er the foam
And prays the wild waves to restore him.

The stars resting bright in the distant sky
A lesson of comfort are telling,
That there in the depths of their mansions on high
No storm of the sea has a dwelling.

Though no carv'd cross from sculptor's skilled hand
Thy desolate tomb is adorning,—
The bright Southern Cross in majesty grand
Shines down till the Judgment Day morning.

S L E E P.



OH Sleep ! this shattered frame's most cherished friend,
 'Tis much to thee I owe ; one third at least
 Of this terrestrial life has happy been
 Soothed by thy visions ; strengthened by thy rest,
 I find new vigour for the weary hours :
 By day I stumble o'er life's stony road,
 Burdened with sickness and with sorrow pressed ;
 While manacles of Woe restrain my limbs,
 And ever clank my feeble step beside.
 By night, in former manliness and hope,
 I dart along, erect in pristine strength.
 By day, my whole enjoyment of existence
 Is but its Memory ; that skeleton
 So bare and so imperfect, in blest sleep

Assumes the rounded form and glowing face
Of ruddy life; the present there stands clear
Before me ; in its light I live and move,
As in the glad and happy days of yore.
By day, in hopeless grief, I sigh for those
By space removed, and those whose spirits dwell
Far in another world, God only knows
How far away : in sleep they still are here ;
The loved one is still present by my side ;
That, well-known voice is sounding in mine ear.
Oh Sleep ! thou airy painter, once more trace
Thy sweet dissolving views upon my mind,
And let me live as in the days of yore.
By day I bear the burden of a life—
Single, alone, unshared by her without
Whose light all firesides will be chill and dark ;
In dreams she still is here, her gentle voice
Adds to each pleasure, lessens from each grief.
By day, the heavy iron hand of pain
Lies ever on my brow ; the oppressive chain
Of woe I daily bear, and scarcely find

The strength wherewith to bear it manfully.
By night, in soft and soothing slumbers wrapt,
Some new delight always awaits my step,
Where'er I turn. By day I take my walk
Of short duration and of feeble pace ;
By night, with head erect and gun in hand,
I breathe the sweet gale of the Highland moor,
Or now I stand upon some Alpine peak,
Or track the glacier with athletic stride,
Or bent in wild career of headlong race
With nervous finger clench the winning oar.
Oh Death ! if thou be like thine image, Sleep,
No terrors wilt thou bring the Christian mind.

TO A VAIN YOUNG MAN.



Go thou not forth, thou weak and vain young man,
Amid the dark, polluting scenes of life ;
The diamond only can be thrown upon
The dunghill, and escape its impure stain :
Such tinsell'd, jewell'd paste as thou, will take
A dye that time, perchance, can ne'er erase.
'Tis only gold, when unalloy'd, that bears
The test of damp, and acids' wasting power ; —
Thy plated goods will shrivel and consume
Before a furnace of temptation strong.
Beware ! thou hast not strength, and warning take,
Ere the faint light thou hast depart for aye.

THE FATHER TO HIS FAVOURITE CHILD.



My fair young child is fading—
Fades as the frost-nipp'd rose ;
No more I hear her bird-like voice
Trill sweetly as she goes ;
That happy smile no longer now
Cheers me in hours of gloom,
And when that sweet voice speaketh,
It soundeth of the tomb.

That step, so gay and lightsome,
As if it trod the sky,
When last I heard it fall, methought
An old man totter'd by.

Oh! Great Physician — thou whose love
Appointeth all our woes —
Creator! spare, and give me back
The fragrance of my rose.

DEFEAT AND VICTORY.



THE straying arrow from the long-bow sent,
The erring bullet that has miss'd its mark,
Are things gone forth for aye. Why ponder, then,
Or, in thy vain regret, deplore the past?
Defeated once — from that defeat next time,
Perchance, thou shalt draw forth a victory —
With more decided finger press the string —
The shaft send forth with more determined nerve ;
Or touch the trigger with a steadier pulse —
The barrel glance along with keener eye ;
And, by the blessing of the Power above,
Brother, next time thou shalt not miss the mark.



THE MEETING—TO ADA.



UNWEDDED still we meet— and neither heart
 As yet has found its mate : the fiery sun
 Of youthful love has 'neath the horizon set,
 And left us in its twilight cold and grey.
 Upon thy cheek I trace the glittering tear,
 The pallid jewel with which sad sorrow loves
 To deck the brows of those she calls her own ;
 While heavy ploughshares of keen suffering
 Have oft repassed with deeply furrowing edge
 O'er my blanched cheek, once lit with ruddy health.
 O Hope ! that gave such lustre to our love
 In bygone years, — yes, thou art like the bow
 So bright and beautiful in yonder sky,
 Rich with the promise of to-morrow's sun,
 But based on chilling drops of disappointment sad.

Yet, did our hearts now beat as they were wont
In the first gush of youthful ecstasy,
I would not seek to link thy fate with mine,
To join thy lot with hopeless suffering.
With courage let us take the branching roads
The finger-post of Providence prescribes.

A S T O R M.



Blow thy bleakest blast,
 Thou desolate winter wind,
 For thy harsh wild strain is the true key-note
 To the tempest that wars in my mind.

Bereaved and alone I stand,
 Mid the spray and the billows' roar ;
 And the peace seems as surely fled from my soul,
 As the sun from this cloud-darkened shore.

Blow thy bleakest blast,
 Thy war of destruction wage ;
 Till the storm-lashed sea, like an angered beast,
 Is white with the foam of her rage.

Till glistens amid the high foam
The white rocks' flashing teeth,
Like the jaws of some fabled monster of old
Come to seize the lone ship from beneath.

Blow thy bleakest blast,
It chimes with my spirit's mood ;
For, like the spent storm in my soul, thou must bear
A presage of peace and of good.

A SCHOOLBOY'S FAREWELL.



FAREWELL, sweet village, and thy joys
 Of navvies, mud, and charity boys !
 Farewell, thou sky with tinge so brown,
 From which the rain comes pelting down.
 Farewell yon church, thou stately pile,
 Built in the Anglo-nothing style.
 Farewell, that Sunday psalm-tune playing,
 Resembling twenty fox-hounds baying.
 Farewell the pangs the catgut feels,
 In piteous, wild, prolengthen'd squeals,
 And basso's deep sonorous howl,
 With the bass-viol's baser growl ;
 Enough to summon Handel's shade,
 To hear the style "The Hundreth's" play'd ;
 Or Luther from his long last bed,
 To wreak dire vengeance on each head

Of those who dare his name revile¹,
His hymn a "poor weak toon" to style.
Farewell, ye hills, on whose steep paths
We used to cultivate our calves,
That e'en the London footman's eyes
Would gaze with rapture on their size.
Ye stiles, those foes to human skin,
Built for the poor pedestrian's shin ;
Oft as I to your steps repair,
I hear the luckless stranger swear.
Farewell, ye sweet, refreshing fogs ;
Farewell, ye elephantine hogs,
Whose grunting wives upon the green
Run the intruder's legs between.
Farewell, ye dirty farms for ever,
Where men and pigs keep house together ;

¹ The tuneful rustics of this village had the most thorough contempt for the airs of Handel, Luther, &c. The latter's celebrated hymn was contemptuously designated a "poor weak toon;" in fact, they infinitely preferred a *melody*, called "Knackdiddle," composed by an harmonious pig-breeder in the neighbourhood, to "Hanover" or "Vienna."

Ye unmacadamizèd lanes,
 Made muddier by eternal rains ;
 And P——, whose streets are pitched so
 high,
 That, if prolong'd, they'd meet the sky.
 Farewell, that wind which, blowing south,
 With pluvial torrents in its mouth,
 Used to whirl round the hapless vane,
 And bring the deluge back again.
 Oh, sun, now hid behind the shroud
 Of everlasting banks of cloud ;
 Whose face is wont to disappear
 For all the short days of the year ;
 I shall behold thy orb again
 In skies not alway drenched in rain.
 Farewell, ye maids with soft blue eyes,
 The prettiest things 'neath those dull skies, }
 Though feet be not of smallest size ;
 And ye, the farmers' roast-beef race,
 With jovial Christmas-pudding face.
 Farewell, ye toads, which so abound,
 With slugs gigantic creeping round :

That naturalist would think he saw
 The age of Reptiles back once more —
 And mires, o'er which a hard ground lies,
 But where, with horrible surprise,
 The stranger sinks above his thighs;
 And ye all waters that abound
 Above the head or underground.
 Farewell, ye fast-days' scanty cheer
 Of dinners small, and smaller beer.
 Farewell, that strong gunpowder tea,
 Whose strength was nigh the death of me;
 Whose sloe-leaf fumes did upward rise,
 And scare sweet slumber from our eyes.
 Land of the Waterspout, again
 I ne'er shall breast thy slashing rain,
 O'er whose remote, but favour'd spot,
 Dame Nature holds her watering-pot;
 Whose villages, however small,
 Have two inns and a waterfall;—
 A long and blest farewell to all !

DAYS OF YOUTH.



DEPARTED years, departed happy years !
Like as a mother's heart in fondest love
Yearns toward her firstborn's grave, to you I turn —
For there, embosomed in your distant graves,
Lie tombed the first affections of my soul,
Its dearest wish, its life-long cherished Hope.
Though flow'rets of the present hour may bloom,
And wave in breezy beauty o'er your grave ;
I heed them not : the mem'ry of your joys,
Tho' buried now, is dearer far to me
Than aught the living Present can bestow.

A RETROSPECT.



I ROAM beside the well-known shore, those moonbeams
on me shine

As in the happy days of youth, when love and hope were
mine ;

Those dim cliffs loom, those bright stars glow as joyously
and clear,

But the soft dark eyes that lit my soul,—my heart-
stars are not here.

I gaze upon the winding shore and o'er the rock-strewn
main,

Until methinks I almost see that graceful form again ;
Yet could we leap the bounds of space and meet 'neath
these pale rays,

All unremembered I should meet that now forgotten
gaze.

Where the bright smile was wont to dance, corroding
bitter tears
Have dug their channelled lines of grief since those
departed years ;
Our little play is acted out, and the brilliant lights
o'erhead
For other scenes on Life's vast stage their witching rays
will shed.

Vainly does clear-tongued reason tell the folly of regret ;—
Still hovers Melancholy's star where Love's proud orb
has set ;
And surely as yon planet sphere broods o'er the fallen Sun,
Comes forth the pale star in my soul to mourn Love's
bright day done.

By Disappointment's hand our Life's foundation stone
is laid,
And as its fabric grows, each stone is set by Sorrow's
aid ;
But yet those sorrow-pilèd stones, so rugged to the eye,
If rightly placed shall raise the tower still upward to the
sky.

THE NAVAL REVIEW, APRIL 1856.

THE trump of war has peal'd its last ; but shrill
 The farewell blast still lingers on our shore :
 The Bird of Peace returns, her note to trill,
 Now heard above the cannon's dying roar :
 The limpid waters of the trickling rill
 No longer blush with gore ; and Eastern land
 Is weary of her dead. The powers of ill
 Seem shackled for awhile ; the blood-stain'd hand
 Is clasp'd by friendly arms, that just before
 Were raised with sweeping sword to spill the foeman's
 gore.

Bright streams the morn, but in the pale blue sky
 A few dense clouds their shadow earthward throw ;

As tho' in dark relief to paint on high
A valiant people's discontent below :
Unnumber'd ships in dim perspective lie,
Whose myriad spars swing in the fresh'ning breeze,
While their tall mainmasts tow'ring to the sky
Form a fair forest in the Solent seas —
Magnificently still — at once our shield and bow,
To guard our ramparts, and assail our foe.

Mysteriously now, as in a dream,
The towery shapes like phantom figures pass :
No snowy canvas flaps upon the beam ;
No noisy wheel impels the giant mass :
Some fabled spirit, we might almost deem,
Urged on their silent march with magic force :
The driving tempest and the adverse stream
Must mighty be, to turn them from their course ;
While huge strange¹ monsters follow in their wake,
Whose iron nerves no cannon storm can shake.

¹ Floating batteries.

In mute expression solemnly they speak

How great is England's power to strike the blow—
How grand her spirit, that she does not wreak

A fearful vengeance on the stricken foe :
And now her sons, from many a beach and peak,
People the shores with life, and view with pride
Th' armada vast, yet on the gloomy cheek

Glow's not the blood of Pleasure's ruddy tide :
No glad enthusiasm fires the downcast eye ;
The cheers, as soon as raised, in sullen silence die.

As oft the coming storm in dread repose

Is hush'd—the squadron grimly sleeps—but lo !
To-morrow's sun that tempest may disclose

Pouring its hail of bullets on the foe.
Deep as the tide that in the Solent flows,
High as yon mainmast be the lofty cause,
Which next shall empty out the vials of woe,
And loose our war hounds on a foreign shore.

Oh, may the majesty of your colossal might
Be ever guided by the polar star of right.

TINTERN ABBEY.



OH! what a pile divine of human art
 Thou standest o'er the Wye's sequester'd vale;
 Proclaiming that our fathers had the heart
 To weigh their gifts by no restricted scale.

What offerings yield we now, what temple raise,
 Whose glory promises one tithe of thine?
 Whose stately towers shall claim our children's praise,
 And win fresh laurels from the hand of Time?

Think you is God well pleased His house of prayer.
 The earthly dwelling of His majesty,
 Should in each lineament so bald and bare
 Draw forth profane jests from the passer by?

Say, shall the God we reverence and fear,
In curtains¹ dwell, and we in sumptuous halls
Oh ! be the temples that to Him we rear,
Statelier, not meaner, than our household walls.

¹ 2 Samuel, vii. 2.

THE SONG OF DEATH.



It is not in the battle-field, nor on the plague-doom'd
land,
Nor 'neath Lucknow's steep walls alone ye trace my
ghastly hand ;
Not only in the cannonade, or in the midnight gloom,
Where Lawrence and brave Havelock fell, struck
down by early doom ;
Far from the hurricane of war, the stormy battle
strife,
Where waveth wildly to and fro the flickering flame
of life ;
In the chamber of young beauty, by disease's piercing
blast,
Have I extinguish'd suddenly life's bright lamp as I
pass'd.

'Tis not the soldier's heart alone the viewless ball can
smite ;

There is a hand that doth control the bullet's trackless
flight ;

For the most deadly home-struck thrust that Hand can
turn aside,

Or let it pass by noiselessly on shades of eventide.

O tell me where I am not found, what spot escapes
my power,

Careering in the battle-storm, or hid within the
flower ?

I wield the sword, I point the gun, ride o'er the
blazing ship ;

Or 'neath the rose-embower'd grove, cling to the
lover's lip.

O tell me where my step is not, wherever is not found
The sad funereal cemetery, with human clay-heaved
mound,

Whose moss-grown tenements exceed the hamlets on
the lea,

As much as autumn wither'd leaves those lingering on
the tree

Ye fear me not, because unseen my keen darts cleave
the air,

Because no upraised sabre gleams, no cannon flashes scare.

Could ye but see my myriad swords waved o'er the
loved one's head,

Your boastful words of scorn would melt to piteous
cries of dread.

'Tis now your spring-time to obtain while days are
fresh and young,

While yet upon the bells of life, the best notes are not
rung,

That love, whose fire has power to forge my world-wide
dreaded spear

Into a gold key to unlock the gate of Heaven's bright
sphere.

Ye sons of earth, be those ye love, your dearer,
tend'rer care,

My sword hangs o'er the loved one's head, suspended
by a hair —

Your wives, your parents, while as yet life flashes in
their glance,

For swiftly o'er the churchyard-slope my tombstone
hosts advance.

For Love, of all earth's jewels, can alone my grasp
withstand;

While Faith and Hope, its fairest pearls, are crush'd
beneath my hand.

My wasting touch fresh lustre adds to that immortal
gem,

Which through Eternity shall shine first in Heaven's
diadem.

A DIALOGUE.



ALFRED.

“THY loveless gaze is turned from me,
 At length the mournful truth I trace;
 And nought can fill the vacant place,
 Now left all desolate by thee.

“The dropping stream will wear away
 The solid rock with ceaseless rain;
 So thy unlovely cold disdain
 Has worn my spirit day by day.

“Perchance thy haughty breast will swell
 Some day with thankless Passion’s woe;
 And thou the deep dark thoughts shalt know
 That in this restless bosom dwell.


“ A swimmer three times near'd the shore,
Three times was driven from the bank ;
Wearied at last, he turned, and sank
Beneath the wave, and rose no more.”

REGINALD.

“ No love is on that calm pale brow,
No feeling in that icy smile :
See has but toy'd with thee the while,
And cast thee back thy heart's love now.

“ 'Tis well thou hast not had to prove
How proud and loveless was the one
Whose queenly mien and beauty won
Thy admiration, not thy love.

“ Another seek, nor fondly err,—
Another whose deep constancy
And love to thee shall greater be,—
Not less, indeed, than thine to her.”

T O R Q U A Y .


O THOU sweet, beautiful, sequester'd spot !
Not unremember'd art thou still by me ;
For Life's gay morn had there its happy lot —
For there I laugh'd away my infancy.

There was a sunny light in those young days,
That soon in after years grew cold and pale ;
As he who leaves the mountain-top's clear gaze,
Finds mist and gloom await him in the vale.

And when they speak of thee — those scenes gone by,
Shapes indistinct flit over mem'ry's glass ;
As he who in the twilight strains his eye
To catch the distant shadows as they pass.

The bright and fairy dews of early morn,
That spread their radiance o'er the soul's young
flowers,
The sun of life into high air has drawn,
And stol'n the fragrance of those morning hours.

That bright'ning sun has mounted in the sky,
Unveiling many a pleasant bower and grove;
But none to which my footsteps now draw nigh
Are like that dale of innocence and love.

I love to muse on happy hours there spent —
The cherish'd retrospect of Life's gay morn;
For in each tree upon thy hill is blent
A solemn memory of the loved ones gone.

THE FIRST OF MAY; OR, THE BRIDAL.



THE first of May, the first of May !
There is a gladness in the sound —
The merry laugh is echoing round
Each hawthorn deck'd in bride's array.

Gay lilac-bloom perfumes the gale,
Laburnum waves her chains of gold ;
Cowslips and Marybuds unfold
Their amber cups o'er hill and dale.

Deep in the calm sequester'd dell,
A tapering spire, 'mid sombre yew,
Uprises gracefully to view,
And hark ! each glad melodious bell

With wedding notes the zephyr swells,
Out-bursting from the waving trees ;
And far and wide the merry breeze
The story of the bridal tells.

Now borne aloft, now hush'd again,
'Tis like the alternating light
Of Sirius, now glittering bright,
Now vanish'd from the starry plain.

And now the bridal train we trace
Steal onward like a winding brook,
Whilst many a gay and beaming look
Reflects the smile on Nature's face.

In snow-white robes the bride appears ;
The girl and woman sweetly blent,
'Mid glistening tears and merriment—
Bright in the May-day of her years.

Her bosom heaves with many a sigh,
To quit the scene of morning years ;
But still she smiles amid the tears,
For her young husband standeth by.

Tears ! wherefore tears ? oh ! gentle wife,
Weeping thy bridal robe to wear ?
They tell of lost parental care,
That watch'd and bless'd thy early life !

Away, sweet bride, those tears of woe !
Marriage alone of Eden's flowers
Perennial blooms in earthly bowers,
Still bright with that celestial glow.

Peace, maiden, to thy trembling breast !
Thy husband will each sorrow share ;
And it shall be his highest care
Each year to make thee still more blest.

THE CHRISTMAS DAY GATHERING.



THE day comes round, but ere its few hours wane
Let us call o'er our social muster roll,
Which Time's quick fire and ceaseless musketry
Of days and months have wasted year by year ;
That withering fire still on our columns play
Each moment bullet-like has got its mark
Which, tho' it pass us in its onward flight,
Will find a lodgment in another breast.
Our fathers fall, the sons fill up the line;
How many more the next year's cannonade
Will smite, God only knows : Let us take heart ;
For fighting in His ranks we've nought to fear,
And the quick moment that comes winged with death
He sees, appoints,—that is enough for us.

TO BEATRICE

MAIDEN WITH THEE.



MAIDEN, with thee, whate'er betide,
Oh, let my happy portion be ;
While, borne on golden pinions, glide
The moments spent with joy and thee.
There is a charm in thy dear voice,
A spell within that dark, soft eye,
For which this fond heart would rejoice
To live and love — to love and die.

Nature with fairest gifts of earth
Most bounteously did thee endow ;
For Beauty, Intellect, and Worth
Are written on that pensive brow.

I find a kindred heart in thee —

In thee an answering spirit trace,

As gazing on the crystal sea,

Where face respondeth unto face.

Bright be the lot with thine that's fraught :

No lovelier spirit-guest than thine

Dwells in the lofty tower of Thought —

The temple of the Soul divine !

Thine is the power my heart t' enthral,

And rule it with magician might ;

Its sun of Pleasure forth to call,

Or e'en bring down sad Sorrow's night !

Full oft in Pleasure's glittering hall,

'Mid thronging crowds, I find my lot,

Where many come and go ; yet all

Is solitude where thou art not.

Maiden, with thee, whate'er betide,

Oh, let my happy portion be :

Be thou my friend, companion, guide,

In Time and through Eternity.

C O N S U M P T I O N .



CONSUMPTION ! o'er our happy isle
 Is spread thy dread mysterious blight ;
 Thou demon, with an angel's smile,
 Borne on the wings of chilly night.

We trace the path where thou hast been,—
 By flowrets, as they wither'd lie,—
 The budding rose of sweet seventeen
 Born but to blossom and to die.

The songs of gladness cease to flow,
 And smiles are changed to sorrow's wail ;
 While mourning, misery, and woe
 Rise, like a mist, along thy trail.

A brother loved, a sister fair,
By thee lie wither'd side by side ;
And hastening to the blighted pair
Another comes, in manhood's pride.

Who sees the clear transparent skin,
The marble brow, the brilliant eye,
Well knows that here thy hand has been ;
And this poor flower of earth must die.

Too plain those crimson blushes speak,
Mocking the hues of ruddy bloom —
Death's watchfire lit on each sweet cheek —
The nightly beacon of the Tomb.

Thou passest by the vet'ran grey,
Whose tide of life runs dull and slow ;
Though tottering be his house of clay ;
His days but weariness and woe.

While youth and strength to death are dight,
Or reed-like bow'd beneath thy will,
Still flickers on the dying light;
The leaning tower is standing still.

Though sorrowing earth repeats thy might,
Now from thy settled purpose turn;
Oh, spare the fireside's pride and light,
And let the Lamp of beauty burn!

Can nought withhold thy venom'd dart,
With threatening gesture waved on high?
Or wilt thou break the father's heart,
And let his much-loved daughter die?

Oh, God, this gentle girl defend,
And guard her through life's tender spring;
That knees in reverence may bend,
That hearts in gratitude may sing.

A MOONLIGHT WALK.



TO BEATRICE AFTER ILLNESS.

GENTLY sighs the voice of Evening,
Cradled earth has sunk to sleep,
Bright the lovely star of heaven
Lamp-like hangs above the deep :
Hark ! the ocean billows sweeping,
Distant headlands sounding o'er,—
Nature's giant-harp, repeating
Solemn music on the shore.

Nature is the deep reflection
Of the peace within my breast,
Of that pure and calm affection
Borne toward thee, most loved and best !

But when last I here did wander,
 Wrung by Grief's most poignant pain,
Ocean was the dark responder
 To the tumult in my brain.

O'er the dim wave drove the vessel,
 Through the tempest-tossing main,
When grim Death and Life did wrestle
 O'er thy couch of racking pain ;
But the helmsman on that ocean
 Did not quake with half the dread,
As with agonised emotion
 Sought I mercy on thy head !

By that hour of deep dejection,
 By that anguish-furrow'd brow,
By a faithful heart's affection,
 Doubt not that I love thee now !
Gently sighs the voice of Evening,
 Weary earth has sunk to rest !
Be our love as deep as heaven,
 Calm as ocean's tranquil breast.

A FRAGMENT.



Oh, hadst thou died,
And thy sweet spirit pass'd away
To its more kindred home in realms of day,
The world, though wide,
Had not a part
Whose joys the aching void could fill ;
Or heal the malady beyond all skill,—
The broken heart !

THOU WHOSE SWEET HAND.



THOU whose sweet hand has drawn the richest gem,—
The diamond from my heart's mine of love,
Such as it is, oh, may it make thee blest.
'Tis only on thy brow that gem will shine ;
Oh, keep it, guard it well,—'tis more than worth
All the fair pearls my heart can give elsewhere :
Ne'er will that jewel pale, but pass undimm'd
The all-destroying fire of Death, and rise
And shine anew with increased quenchless power,
Throughout the ages of Eternity.

THE PARTING.



OH, thou of Wisdom's daughters fair the dearest and
the best,
Of thousand hearts the one that beats most truly to
my breast,
The hour of parting like a cloud on life's bright
sky appears,
Which Time's swift gale brings up to pour in rain of
bitter tears.

My happy day of love is o'er — its sun of glory
set ;
A statelier form, a loftier heart shall teach thee to
forget.

'Tis sad, indeed, my Beautiful, to bear life's sullen
doom,
Without the lamp of thy dear love to light me through
the gloom.

I fondly deem'd that hand in hand we twain
might onward go
Along the heights of Happiness, or down the vale
of Woe;
I deem'd that only Death's fell shock could snatch thee
from my heart,
And then that only for a while we two could be
apart.

Thou, with thy pure, unselfish heart, and high and
noble mind,
Round whom my heart's best feelings still are tendril-
like entwined —
Thy poet-soul can catch these words, and answer to
this strain,
As echoing rocks in mountain glen speak the same
notes again.

The voice of Spring shall call the flowers to deck
the sunny lea,

And thou shalt pluck their waving stems, but never
more with me :

For us no more the Summer eve shall shed its rosy
glow —

No more our lingering steps shall track the merry
Winter snow !

And proudly shall the moon sail forth the silent night
to cheer,

And shed around that witching light to loving
hearts so dear ;

And bright the distant stars shall shine, when centuries
have fled

O'er other loves, when we and ours are number'd
with the dead.

In dreams alone shall I behold those glorious dark
eyes shine,—

In dreams alone shall hope to clasp that slender hand
in mine,—

In dreams alone, in converse sweet, shall wander
by thy side,—
Then waking, start to find thou art another's loving
bride!

Perchance we yet may meet amid the checker'd
scenes of life,
And strangely shall I view thee then — that other's
happy wife.
That thou, indeed, hast ceased to love, is not for me to
chide :
No mortal hand can think to stay the ebbing of
that tide!

Once joyous on that flood I rode; but now those waves
are gone,
And left me stranded on the shore, forsaken and
alone.
Away, instead of thy loved form, thy face so
sweet and fair,
My only friend and guest is now the spectre of
Despair!

What recked I of applause or blame, which other
tongues might tell,

If thou the monarch of my life didst say that I
did well :

Oh, so entwined thou wert with all, it was not I
but We —

And now that thou hast ceased to love, I almost cease
to be.

How much I loved thee, Beatrice, I vainly now
renew,

When each devoted act oft told that burning words
were true :

The chilling winter gale of Time around this heart
may beat

And not withdraw a single spark from the enduring
heat.

Farewell yon well-remembered spot, where hours of
bliss were spent,

Too sad the recollection now that with each flower is
blent ;

If Heaven perchance prolong this life and line with
 years my brow,
Once more my aged eyes may see the scenes I fly
 from now.

Hark, how soft Summer's parting breeze chaunts its last
 song above,
As from their drooping stems fast fall the wasted
 flowers of love ;
The setting sun two shadows casts upon yon fading
 plane,
But this bent form and that fair shape it ne'er shall
 trace again.

I hear the deep Sea's pedal note sound from its organ
 cave
As when we first rejoiced to hear the music of
 the wave ;
No music has it now to cheer, but with a sullen
 boom,
Like shipwreck minute guns, it peals the sound of
 coming doom.

Our happy day of love is o'er, — its twilight sinks in
gloom :

The pallid shade of Grief shall brood above its lonely
tomb.

And when 'neath distant skies I roam, and evening
shadows fall,

Mem'ry in brightest colours traced, this sad scene will
recall.

Though bright the lightning wit may flash the merry
board around,

While loud the joyous laughter peals, like thunder's
after-sound ;

'Tis but as on Consumption's cheek the hues of
vigour glow, —

The surface bright with loveliness — pale Death
intrench'd below.

Oh, never more, my beautiful ! these coming years
again

Shall dreams of pleasure lull to rest this voice of
sleepless pain :

The shades of woe shall deepen down, till one dark
cloud of gloom
O'erspread the once bright face until 'tis laid within
the tomb!

Or years and years may come and go, and in their
onward flight
Extinguish in the Mind's broad dome each various
coloured light;
But as the lamps within that dome fade slowly one by
one,
The memory of thy love for me will burn the Last
alone.

Farewell!— a long good-bye! — may all that fondest
love can crave,
Descending from on High, illumine thy pathway to the
grave!
Oh! may it be thy lot to find in this thy bright
young day,
As deep a homage, true a love, as that now cast
away!

A W A Y, A W A Y.



Away, away — those dreams of happy love
Are not for me ; the lover's twilight walk,
Th' endearing converse by the moon-lit sea,
Th' ecstatic joy of being loved again
By her who is of human things my all ;
The fond caresses of a cherished wife,
The prattling lispings from a first-born's lip,
Are not for me. The light of those dark eyes
Some other bark may pilot o'er the waves
Of Life's dim sea. The violets of the spring,
The early May flowers of the heart, are o'er ;
The glowing sun of August noon has shone
And passed away to cheer some other spot ;
September yet, with even light and shade,

Perchance may dawn upon me cool and clear,
And the late rose adorn my nuptial bower
In beauty calm. For if so be I wed,
The staid affection of calm middle life,
An unimpassioned happiness with one
Who has some second place within my heart
May still be mine. The raptures of a love
Devoted, pure, unfailing, unalloyed,
Are not for me.

THEY BID ME WED.



THEY bid me wed, and in some little love
Forget the long impassioned tenderness
Of Beatrice. Talk not of lesser fires
To one whose soul so long was wont to bask
In richest sunlight; for the moon's pale orb
Is well for those who may have spent the morn
In darkened chambers close imprisoned long :
It has no glow, that calm reflected light ;
The rich warm sun has gone, I turn aside,
Two suns were never made for one short day.

'Tis better that no rose should cling around
The wasted elm, lest in its early fall
It wreck a life more precious than its own.

Unwatched, unloved, untended let me live
The time of my appointed sojourn here,
Until the axe of Death strikes at my root.
Let there be none to sorrow when I fall,
With the life sorrow of a cherished wife.
Thus let me live and calmly bide the end.

IN MEMORIAM.

TO MY MOTHER.



THOUGH the strong utterance of fondest grief
Vainly ascends, to bring thee back again ;
Yet the out-welling tears give their relief
To the heart-fountain overcharged with pain.

How bravely didst thou bear thy painful doom :
How great the self-devotion and the love
That trained each fading infant for the tomb,
And tuned their spirits for the joys above.

So purified by Heav'n sent grief and pain
Was the bright vision of thy upturn'd eye,
That of the Far Hills thou hadst strength to gain
Glimpses not oft vouchsafed in this world's cloudy
sky

If from thy resting place of bliss on high,
Thou canst look down on earth's remote domain ;
Mayst thou rejoicing know that ere I die
This life below has not been lived in vain.

IN MEMORY OF A FAVOURITE SISTER.—I.



DESPAIR.

SHE is gone, she is gone —
My spirit's joy and light !
And earth, without her sunny smile,
Is one vast realm of night !
I'd summon pallid Death to lay
His icy hand on me,
Could he but only lead the way
To Heaven and to Thee.

She is gone, she is gone
That lone mysterious flight ;
I dare not, if I could, recall
That soul from realms of light.

O'er sin and sorrow's rugged way
 I stumble on alone ;
 Quenched is the lamp whose cheering ray
 Upon that dark road shone.

She is gone, she is gone —
 Most beautiful and best !
 And sad and lonely is my lot,
 As hers is high and blest.
 Heav'n gives no promised hope to me
 To follow her bright train ;
 And hence the fearful thought that we
 Shall never meet again.

HOPE.

She is gone, she is gone ;
 But calm thy heart's unrest ;
 For tho' mid seraph choirs she sings
 The anthem of the blest,

From earth upraise the streaming eye,
And ope Heaven's gate with prayer ;
Then thou in realms beyond the sky
Shall meet thy lost one there.

Oh, climb the narrow path
Of Heaven's steep ascent —
The way of Faith and Love, where first
The blessèd Saviour went ;
Then oft, as shades of sorrow fall,
And cloud thy brow with pain,
These last fond dying words recall,
“ In Heaven we meet again.”

IN MEMORY OF A FAVOURITE SISTER.—II.



THOU art gone, and never more again, at least on earth
for me
Shall joy upon the heart descend, as sunshine on the sea.
Pleasure may flash upon its tides, with gleams of fitful
light ;
But the dark abyss of Sorrow sleeps deep down in
changeless night.

Oh ! never more for me the flowers of happiness shall
bloom —
Those brilliant wreaths, all wither'd, lie beside thy
lonely tomb :
With hopeless, tear-dimm'd eye I gaze on life's long
future years,
As o'er some ocean desolate, where not a sail appears.

Oft in the gloomiest rainy day, mid black clouds'
sweeping flight,
The sun will rend the veil aside, with beams of glorious
light :
Such minutes did thy presence shed upon my dreary
way ;
But darker now the black clouds flock, until the close
of day.

Thou art gone, and that dear voice no more upon my
ears shall fall ;
Yet its sweet accents linger still in Memory's tuneful
hall :
Like some deserted fane I stand ; but the radiant lights
that shed
Their life and glory o'er its aisles—those lights of
love are dead.

I see the first of yon twin stars sink death-like in the
west,
And mark how swift his bright mate flies down to his
place of rest ;

Thus, star-like, thy sweet orb has sunk, quenched in
the western wave,
And quickly must thy brother come to join thee in
the grave.

Thy God has call'd thee to the realms He saw most fit
for thee ;
Yet still thy memory haunts the spot where we were
wont to be :

Though far removed above, thy form is present to my
eyes ;
As the star may glitter on the wave whose home is in
the skies.

Thou art gone ! but only to that land where joy
perennial springs ;
Whose bright sun casts no shadows, whose eve no
parting brings.
One glorious flower of heav'nly Hope still blossoms in
my breast, —
That unforgetting we may meet, mid the myriads of
the blest.

IN MEMORY OF THE REV. F. W. ROBERTSON,
OF BRIGHTON.

WOULD I had known that mind of largest mould,
Of rare intelligence, and lofty love !
Would I could now th' assembled throng behold,
Before thy words like wind-stirr'd billows move !

As convex lens collects the scatter'd rays,
And brings them to one focus, glowing bright ;
Thy mind could seize on truths enwrap't in haze,
And pour them forth in concentrated light.

Oh ! what a glorious arch was thy mind's span,
That high o'er bigotry its sweep did bend !
Oh, how I had admired thee as a man !
Oh, how I could have loved thee as a friend !

As by the sandstone print we may aver
How vast the form that pass'd along that way ;
So each clear page proclaims the calibre
Of that great spirit gone to realms of day.

As the wild bird upon the mountain lake
Beholds his form reflected tall and fair,
But when his upward wings their Heaven-flight take,
That image lessens as he mounts in air.

So thou, for God's vast honour, cheerfully
Didst let thine own be trampled in the mire,
And soaring to his great humility,
Saw thyself lower as thou mountedst higher.

No mortal ever spake, whose wondrous words
Did e'er like thine my inmost will control ;
No mortal ever swept my heart's dull chords,
And brought such music from that slumbering soul.

Thine was that spirit chivalrous, which rose
 At danger and alarm,—the soul that dared
 Affront and hatred; oft the fate of those
 Who speak great truths for which men's hearts are
 unprepared.

Not like the prisoned silver in its cell ¹,
 Shrank thy brave soul before the coming storm,
 But turned tow'rd danger as it grew more fell,
 As to the tempest turns the vane's light form.

Not for the glowing fervour of thy speech—
 Not for the earnest crowds that thronging came;
 But for the lives of those thy words did reach,
 Angels on high rejoice and bless thy name.

Amid the glorious company where they
 That many turn to God like suns shall glow,
 Oh, be it mine to seek thee in That Day,
 And gaze upon that face I never saw below!

¹ The quicksilver in the barometer.

IN MEMORY OF LORD MACAULAY.



AND he has passed away, that noble mind,
To perfect there the truth and wisdom rare
So long and much loved here. We mourn, indeed ;
For not again can buoyant Hope expect
That through the distant corridors of Time
Will sound the echoes of a voice like his
To whom, Elisha-like, shall power be given
To wear with grace the mantle he has dropped.

The common ore of syllables and words,
So little worthy in the unskilled hand,
When fused in that mind's wondrous crucible
Came forth refined as purest virgin gold.

O God, that such a high-built gorgeous tower,
And the poor hovel crouching at its foot,
Should both be based on th' uncertain sand !
The sea of Time comes ever flowing on,
Engulfing in its flood each shape alike
However grand the superstructure be!

The deep broad wake upturned by the keel
Of thy colossal bark will long remain
In lengthened furrows on the tides of Time
Indelible, until that flowing flood
Is swallowed in the ocean of eternity.

His mental frame was that rare two-edged blade
With both sides bright and trenchant to the touch,
The pure good spirit and the massive mind.
Like the sublimest peak of some Alp range
That towers above its fellows broad and high,
Thy spirit caught the first rays from afar
Of History's Sun unrisen to all beside ;
Yet that one peak its rays were steeping bright

In rosy inspiration, so that wide
The nations gazed and loved the beauteous light.
Death's sudden earthquake now has laid thee low,
And myriad eyes look tow'rd the vacant spot
And ache and ache to gaze on nothingness.

SACRED POEMS.

THE LAST DAY.



STILL spring and summer, night and day,
 Wheel round and round in ceaseless sway,
 Ringing Creation's chime ;
 The centuries, like beacons hung,
 Mark out the forward march along
 The great highway of Time.

The world rolls onward as of old,
 With limbs of iron, heart of gold,
 And soul of sordid treasure ;
 Each strives to win his favourite game,—
 The worldling plays for wealth or fame,
 The profligate for pleasure.

Who, gazing on the unclouded sky,
Dreams that the thunder-cloud is nigh,
 The quivering lightning near?
Calmly the brilliant day is done,
And seems to say, "To-morrow's sun
 As bright shall reappear."

Behold, uprising from the West,
A little cloud unfolds its breast,
 And swells before the blast;
And so, another in the sky
Steals onward, like a hostile spy,
 Each angrier than the last.

Beneath yon elm the sleeper's form
Rests weary, dreamless of the storm,
 Now gather'd o'er his head.
The lightning rends the stately tree;
The thunder peals his doom; and he
 Is number'd with the dead.

Thus sleeps the world in drowsy rest :
Religion oft may stir its breast
 With surface life and light ;
As gay winds ripple o'er the deep,
While down, beneath, the dark waves sleep
 In still, unbroken night.

The last pale sun is sinking low,
Ere has begun to overflow
 The brimming cup of wrath ;
The night is big with coming woes,
And, pregnant with Destruction's throes,
 The morrow shall bring forth !

The word goes forth ; from sky to sky,
Creation's vast machinery
 Stands motionless and still ;
Quick as the poles' December blast
Freezes to silence, cold and fast,
 The glad high-leaping rill.

The accepted hour of Grace is past,
And rings the Archangel's piercing blast
 Through each sepulchral cave :
Down in the dungeons of the deep
The drown'd that 'neath its billows sleep,
 Rise from their ocean grave.

The constant sun, who years has burn'd—
Earth's light and life—to night is turn'd,
 Struck by His mighty rod ;
Waked by the trumpet's thrilling sound,
The dead the great white throne surround,
 To hear their fate from God.

From Heaven to Earth, from star to star,
The withering lightning streams afar,
 Flashing through distant skies !
Like leaves before the furnace-fire,
The Heavens in one vast funeral pyre
 Of conflagration rise!

The mountains, smitten by His power,
Quake to their centre, as a tower
 Cleft by the lightning spear;
The gorgeous planet-lights decay
As the bright bubble fades away,
 Collapsed in mid career.

The sea, whose many-coloured robe
Had draped the form of this fair globe
 In robes of flowing grace;
Updrawn in sheets of endless cloud,
Forms a gigantic sky-spread shroud
 Round Nature's shrunken face.

Behold, the venerable form
Of ancient Time, enwreathed in storm,
 Reels from his throne of yore!
Earth's gorgeous temple disappears;
And, mid the crash of falling spheres,
 Sinks down to rise no more!

No vision this ; though some may deem

God's judgment-day an idle dream,

And laugh the truth to scorn.

Watch, watch, as soldiers in the field ;

Watch alway, grasping sword and shield,

And wait that awful morn !

THE DEATH-BED.



OH, brothers, I am dying now, in youth's first
early bloom ;
As Ev'ning's length'ning shade, my life steals onwards
into gloom :
My bosom heaves so faint and slow, so worn and
pale am I ;
Your eyes will scarcely note the change when ye
behold me die.

The earlier dawning of the day, with cold, reflected
light,
Tells that the Christmas field and fell are clad in
snowy white ;

The air is thick with myriad flakes; but not so many
there
As angels who rejoice o'er one return'd to his Father's
care.

Lo! on the windward breeze I hear the deep bell's
solemn chime
Beat with its heavy iron hand the slow, dull wane of
Time :
Though close beneath the old church tower, I shall not
hear its sound,
When sleeping in my long last home, beneath the
churchyard mound.

My cheek was once as bright as yours, my step as firm
and gay ;
My heart it throbbed so merrily, as though 'twould
beat for aye ;
And yet 'tis strange this wondrous frame can be so fair
and strong ;
“ Or that a harp of thousand strings should keep in
tune so long.”

Oh, had it pleased the will of Heaven, perchance this
lowly name
In world-wide blasts had sounded from the bugle-horn
of Fame ;
But wheresoe'er that mighty will appoints your earthly
state,
Oh, strive first, brothers, to be good, and then seek to
be great.

With many an angel-visit here has Joy illumed the
hours ;
Happy withal, and few have been the thorns among
the flowers.
To heavenly joys those dear delights, though brilliant
in their ray,
Are but as firefly flashes to the noontide blaze of
day.

You'll soon hear faithful Gelert's voice pine in his
speechless grief,
To him the hopes of other life cannot bestow
relief ;

'Tis not the least of those sharp pangs that rend this
dying heart,
That from my loved and trusty friend I evermore must
part.

No more his feet upon the moor will bound my course-
beside,
No more with me upon the sea will breast the summer
tide ;
We've roamed our last upon the shore and through the
forest glade,
And to my homeward step that voice its last fare-
well has bayed.

Oh, tend my favourite flower with care ; but ere its
blossoms bloom,
The flower of my young life will lie all wither'd in the
tomb :
O crescent Moon, that still beholds my weary
lingering stay,
Ere thou complete thy circling orb I shall have pass'd
away.

Oh, not unwatched by me I ween each dear life here
will wane,
And may the thought that I am near ease the sad lone
one's pain :
The daylight sun may strike the star from the wide
field of night,
Yet tho' unseen that star looks down from its high home
of light.

I see the sun's broad paling sphere sink in his ocean
grave,
And now the extinguished orb seems lost, entombed
beneath the wave ;
But as yon beam glides up the spire into the ethereal
height,
So upward from this dying frame the soul shall wing
her flight.

Oh, chaunt that strain you sang last eve, each night
until I die ;
For Music's charm will welcome me more perfect in
the sky :

Then shall this tongue unwearied sing that new and
nobler song,
While seraph choirs, o'er distant space, swell the full
tide along.

But weep not comfortless, nor with despairing sorrow
mourn ;
The northern breeze is temper'd to the lamb that's
newly shorn.
Oh, weep not, then, my brothers dear, — upraise the
streaming eye ;
God's word declares that we shall meet in realms
beyond the sky.

There comes a fearful sinking now, as if life's sands
were run ;
Though heart and strength may fail me, yet I've One
to lean upon :
His circling Arm shall bear me up, through Jordan's
chilly wave ;
His radiant love shall light with peace the valley of the
grave.

Death comes not now a Terror-King to scare the weary
soul ;

An Angel snaps the silver cord, and breaks the golden
bowl !

Thou glorious seraph, bear me up upon thy heaven-
ward wing ;

“ O Grave, where is thy victory ? O Death, where is
thy sting ? ”

THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.



ART thou in Sorrow's vale? then tremble not—
With step courageous take the downward way.
Thy Lord frequented oft this dreary spot
And His blest footstep prints the miry clay.

Down, downward still, thy journey is His care :
Let not the darkness fright thy timorous breast ;
Chase not the false fen-lights thou seest there,
Or deem they'll lead thee to a place of rest.

And when far down, and in the narrowed sky
The threatening crags seem closing o'er thy head ;
From the dark vale, gaze up with beaming eye,
The stars unseen before their radiance on thee shed.

Fear not, with soldier footstep press the ground,
Let others walk the heights, this path is thine ;
And when the shades more closely gather round,
The stars above will brighter, brighter shine.

A MORNING HYMN.



ANOTHER day has now begun,
Another lease of Life for me;
Perchance may be that rising sun
The last before Eternity.

Let Health and Happiness, and all
That's pure, attend my onward way;
Let not my footsteps faint or fall,
Nor from the path of Duty stray.

Oh, let the spirit's sword be bright,
To meet the Tempter's armèd throng;
And, girded for the conqueror's fight,
The shield of Faith be sound and strong.

That when the sun withdraws his ray,
And shades of night the earth o'ercast,
Conscience may whisper that this day
Was better; holier than the last.

A CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.



WHEN gladsome daylight fades from sight,
And gloomy shades my bed surround,
Guard me from evils, that by night
Come forth to walk the world around.

Oh, let no sickness on me fall ;
Watch o'er the hours of helpless sleep ;
And keep me then, when most of all,
Myself, O God, I cannot keep.

Let not the Tempter come to me,
Haunting my pillow'd thoughts with dread ;
Let happy dreams of Heav'n and Thee
Flit peacefully around my bed.

If Sleep, Death's image, should by night
 Be changed into his own dark hue,
Oh, let the dream of Heaven's delight
 Be changed to Heaven's glories too !

GOOD AND EVIL ANGELS.



“And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.”

2 Kings, vi. 17.

WOULD we had a keener seeing,
 Vision of more piercing ken,
 Disclosing many a wondrous being
 To the finite race of men :
 Then our eyes might see before us,
 Winged upon the shades of night,
 Glorious spirits hovering o'er us,
 Wheeling round their wondrous flight.

Then, indeed, we might see near us,
Watching o'er our lonely way,
Guardian angels sent to cheer us
Through the sorrows of each day ;
Whispering words of hope immortal
To the weeping mourner's ear —
“ Death's dark way is but the portal
To a better, brighter sphere.”

Angels from the blest departed
Standing round our lonely bed ;
Those for whom we, broken-hearted,
Nigh were number'd with the dead ;
Calming with their sweet suggestions,
From the realms celestial sent,
Those unhallow'd doubts and questions,
That the Tempter's wiles present.

But a vision, so all-seeing,
Other spirits might disclose —
Demon shapes, who hate our being,
All the soul's most deadly foes ;

Evil fiends our path pursuing,
Ever watchful, ever near,
Whose best joy is man's undoing ;
Whose worst pang,—the sinner's tear.

Then our eyes might see them banding,
As we yield to Pleasure's thrall ;
Satan at our right hand standing,
Proud, expectant of our fall,
As the silken web of pleasure
Th' arch-fiend weaves our feet around,
And with weights of earthly treasure
Seeks to bow us to the ground ; —

Thou, who, as our Lord and Teacher,
Broke the Tempter's baffling spell,
Let me not, like some dumb creature,
Wander down the slope to hell.
Saviour, keep our armour ever
With Thy presence polish'd bright,
That the Tempter's fierce endeavour
Fall before our Heav'n-sent might.

When all earthly scenes are fading,
 When the last pulse falters low ;
And Death's cloud is overshadowing
 With its gloom the sunken brow ;
When the fallen eye receiveth
 That sad, fix'd, and stony stare ;
While the sceptic heart believeth
 Death alone is victor there ;

Let no demon form then scare me,
 In the spirit's last lone fight ;
Let Thine angels come and bear me
 Up to Heaven's bright home of light !

DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE.

As when the guardian powers of life fast wane,
And leave the lion dead on Afric's plain,
While vultures, swooping from the distant sky,
Feed on the wreck of helpless majesty ;
So when thy angry God, in wrath divine,
Withdrew His guardian Presence from thy shrine,
The haughty Roman dared his sword to draw
On those whom God vouchsafed to guard no more ;
And thou, their Temple loved, their pride, their
gem,
Fairest of all in fair Jerusalem !
In streaming conflagration broad and high,
Clouded the beauty of the unsullied sky.

'TIS I; BE NOT AFRAID.



'Twas night ; the mariner's lone bark
 Drove o'er deep Galilee's dim wave ;
 Above, the thunder-cloud loom'd dark ;
 Beneath, wide yawn'd the watery grave :
 With toil bow'd down, with sorrow worn,
 The weary oar aside they laid,—
 When on the midnight watch was borne
 The voice, " 'Tis I ; be not afraid."

They heed Him not, but deem that form
 Is come to fright, and not to save ;
 And think the Genius of the storm
 Is hovering o'er the surging wave :

M

Oh ! brighter than the light of morn
Comes to the night-worn traveller's aid,
Full clear above the roar is borne
That voice, " 'Tis I; be not afraid."

'Tis thus with us on Life's wild sea,
In Passion's storm, in Sorrow's night ;
When the bright lamps of comfort flee,
And Faith's pole-star withdraws her light ;
If the blest Saviour then draws near,
We shrink affrighted and dismay'd ;
Deem Him some spirit dark, nor hear
His voice, " 'Tis I; be not afraid."

Oft as Affliction's billows flow,
And whelm our soul with threaten'd doom ;
When the fell blackness of our woe
Is but exceeded by the tomb ;
Lord, ope our eyes to see thy form,
What though in robes of gloom array'd ;
Our ears to hear, above the storm,
Thy voice, " 'Tis I; be not afraid."

ST. MATTHEW, xxvi. 39.

“ O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me.”



If it be possible, O my Father God,
 Remove, remove this heavy shade of woe,
 That whelms in black eclipse my sun of health
 In zenith power; but if that dreadful shade
 Depart not, till my orb earth's boundary touch—
 This darkened life go down in outer night
 Without another ray of joyous health —
 Thy will be done !

THE CLOUD.

“Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me; when His candle shined upon my head, and when by His light I walked through darkness.”—Job, xxix. 2, 3.



ALFRED.

OH that I were in days long past, in the bright and
 happy days,
 When the melody of life was one long gladsome song of
 praise :
 God's Love and Goodness were my songs; I sang them
 night and day,
 As in this home of happiness I held my lingering stay.
 Then like a sunbeam on its course I wing'd my
 cheering flight,
 And everything my presence touch'd I lit with life
 and light :

'Twas sweet to see the welcome smile, where'er my
steps drew near ;
And when I turn'd me to depart, Affection's tribute
tear.

Then Health, and Happiness, and Hope, attended on
my way ; —
God's presence was my fire by night, my pillar-cloud
by day ;
Then the warm cheek glow'd, the young eye flashed so
tearless and so bright,
As if the fire within the brain were quenchless in
its light ;
Then, like a brave and gallant bark, amid the leaping
spray,
I flung the waves of life aside, and bounded on my
way :
But now a sudden hurricane has fell'd the stately
mast,
And driv'n me on the beetling crags before its sweep-
ing blast.

For what is life's fair Paradise, but a vast and dreary
tomb,

Without the cheering sun of Health to light its doleful
gloom?

That sun upon the landscape past has shed its rosiest
power,

But now adown my dark'ning path the gathering
vapours lower.

Is God my Father? No, indeed! 'tis not a Father's
part

To send the messenger of wrath to waste my home and
heart.

Th' Almighty Architect uprears His high and graceful
tower,

Only to overwhelm it with destruction's wasting
power!

Ah, no! these chains of suffering dire it is my doom
to bear,

Both now and in a coming world, though heavier, ten-
fold, there.

Oh that I were in days long past, those days of cloud-
less light,

So swift Time's chariot-steeds swept by, I scarcely felt
their flight.

But now his lagging wheels revolve so heavily and slow,
The hours are days, the days are months, the seasons
cease to flow.

In vain I turn from side to side, and seek more sunny
skies,

Th' appalling angel of Despair stands still before my
eyes.

Oh, how can I thus daily die, or live this living death?
I'll dare that leap into the dark, and face what comes
beneath.

REGINALD.

"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know
hereafter."—John, xiii. 7.

Peace! mourner, to thy troubled breast, and cease
thee to repine:

'Tis Mercy which decrees thee this; let Mercy's will
be thine!

Dost thou not call to mind God's word read in thy
brighter days,
That His thoughts are not as our thoughts, His ways
not as our ways?
For, whether by the still small voice Christ seeks thy
faith to prove,
Or by the whirlwind's wasting blast, yet know that
voice is love.
Deem'st thou, indeed, the human love that wept o'er
Lazarus' grave,
Would smite thy body to the earth, except thy soul to
save?
Though Sorrow be a stormy flood, upraised by many a
blast;
Fear not, for round thy sinking form th' Eternal arms
are cast.
Oh, if thou *canst* not know this now, thou shalt in that
great Day,
When from^o adown thy suffering cheek the tear is
wiped away.

Oft thou hast watch'd the clear new moon, when first
 she meets the eye,
How dark and gloomy is her face upon the sunset
 sky ;
But as she reappears each eve, the coming lights
 prevail,
And slowly overspread her face as the dark shadows
 fail ;
Till when she fills her circling orb, the gloom is roll'd
 away,
The count'nance, so sad and dark, beams with per-
 petual day.
So with Affliction, oh, how dark her presence first
 appears,
How bright when gazed at by the light of wiser after
 years.

While Health, and Happiness, and Hope, crown'd high
 Life's festive bowl,
How ill thy greater part then fared—thy great undying
 soul !

As the heavy cloud of dark black mist that wings its
upward flight

Is changèd by the sun's bright touch to wreaths of
fairy light,

So with the shade of chastening woe, that weighs
the spirit down,

Th' Almighty waves his wondrous wand — the cross
becomes a crown.

Grasp, then, the telescope of Faith within thy feeble
hand ;

Shut out Earth's scene, and gaze aloft, where Heaven's
high mountains stand.

For Faith makes bright the earth-dimm'd eye, enabling
thee to gain

A glimpse whose light shall give thee strength to face
Earth's bitterest pain.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.



I SAW a vision in the dreams of night—
The New Jerusalem enthroned in light
From God's right hand descend, in second birth,
The Bride of Heav'n, the glory of the Earth!
No sun she needs, nor moon to shine by night;
Her sun the Saviour, and the Lamb her light.
No temple there its gorgeous form displays;
The cry of prayer is lost in songs of praise.
No sob of grief, no wail of dark despair,
Breaks the blest harmony that reigneth there;
No sin-born forms of sickening pain or woe
Their gloomy shadows on her radiance throw:

Hush'd is the sorrow-throb, the anguish-sigh —
Her God has wiped the tears from every eye !
Those realms of Love ne'er hear the sound of strife,
And Death yields up the palm to everlasting Life !

THE END.

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